

## COLLECTION

OF

## NEW SONGS.

- 1 Tom Starboard.
- 2 Ah! no, my Love, no.
- 3 A new Touch on the Times.
- 4 Jack at Greenwich.



*M. Angus & Son, Printers, Newcastle.*

## TOM STARBOARD.

**T**OM Starboard was a lover true,  
 As brave a tar as ever sail'd;  
 The duties ablest seamen do,  
 Tom did, and never yet had fail'd;  
 But wreck'd, as he was homeward bound,  
 Within a league of England's coast,  
 Love sav'd him sure from being drown'd,  
 For more than half the crew were lost.

In fight Tom Starboard knew no fear,  
 Nay, when he loss'd an arm, resign'd;  
 Said, love for Nan, his only dear,  
 Had sav'd his life, and fate was kind.  
 And now, though wreck'd, yet Tom re-  
 turn'd,

Of all past hardships made a joke;  
 For still his manly bosom burn'd  
 With love; his heart was made of oak.

His strength restor'd, Tom nimbly ran  
 To cheer his love, his destin'd bride;  
 But false report had brought to Nan,  
 Six months before her Tom had died;  
 With grief she daily pin'd away,  
 No remedy her life could save;  
 And Tom arriv'd the very day  
 They laid his Nancy in the grave.



*Ah! No, my Love, no.*

**W**HILE I hang on your bosom, distracted to lose  
you,

High swells my sad heart, and fast my tears flow;  
Yet think not of coldness, they fall to accuse you,

Did I ever upbraid you, O! no my love no:  
I own it would please me at home would you tarry,

Nor e'er feel a wish from Maria to go,  
But if it give pleasure to you, my dear Harry,  
Shall I blame your departure, Ah! no, my love, no.

Now do not dear Hal, while abroad you are straying,

That heart which is mine on another bestow;

Nay, banish that frown, such displeasure displaying,

Do you think I suspect you, Oh! no, my love, no:

I believe you're too kind for one moment to grieve me,

Or plant in a heart that adores you, such woe,

Yet should you dishonour my trust, and deceive me,

Should I e'er cease to love you, Ah! no, my love, no.

*New Touch on the Times.*

**G**EORGE he is the mightiest king  
That ever sat on Britain's throne;

By all the ways that he has acted,

Unto his subjects every one.

We are of a rebellious nature,

And our mind is ne'er content,

All the reflections often light

Upon the king and parliament.

The new made Quakers, Independents,  
 Methodists and Swaddlers too,  
 And many a one seen by orders,  
 Are they not a filthy crew.  
 Our churchmen they are little better,  
 If the truth was but well known,  
 They'd give king George's head for Bri-  
 tain's glory,  
 Part of his laws they will not own.

The show-men, dice-men, mourning sailors  
 People pretending to be dumb,  
 Fortune-tellers and quack doctors,  
 By such vagrants we re undone.  
 Brotherly love is gone from among us,  
 And we cannot all agree,  
 We spend our money on the law,  
 And bring ourselves to poverty.

With reckoning sharp 'tis hard among us,  
 It's hard to find a man that's just,  
 Seldom that he finds the way,  
 To pay the thing he takes in trust.  
 Our merchants buy our meat and corn,  
 Allo our butter and our cheese,  
 To send over to foreign countries,  
 To maintain our enemies.  
 But we've often heard of late,  
 That our ships were prisoners ta'en,



ts, That were going o'er the sea,  
 Our enemies for to maintain:  
 The French have got both men and money,  
 Deny this, neighbours, if you dare!  
 Now you plainly see how they  
 Reward us with an open war.

Bri- The Dutchmen too, that treacherous crew,  
 Although they were with us in league,  
 Promised to assist the French,  
 For preservation of th'ir trade.  
 Before they were distress'd and poor,  
 Both high and mighty they are grown;  
 To them we gave a large collection,  
 Tho' we refused to help our own.

g us, Behold now the pride of women,  
 How they walk with such an air,  
 With new made dresses for their faces,  
 Capuchin'd and foreheads bare;  
 Our servant maids they're grown so proud,  
 They do resemble the ladies near;  
 They have so many new made dresses,  
 They scarce can tell what garb to wear.

rn, With painted patches for th'ir faces,  
 In the fashion they must be,  
 The poorest wife in all the land,  
 Each morning she must have her tea.

Men they are so void of reason,  
 For to leave their wedded wives,  
 Chusing to keep up a miss,  
 Being wearied of a married life.

Women for to leave their husbands,  
 Is not this a double sin,  
 Enough to bring down a judgment,  
 To consume the land we're in.  
 So grant us peace and unity,  
 For seriously we may consider,  
 This world is near at an end,  
 For one man strives to cheat another.

*Jack at Greenwich.*

**W**E tars are all for fun and glee,  
 A hornpipe was my notion;  
 Time was I'd dance with any he  
 That sails the salt sea ocean;  
 I'd tip the roll, the slide, the reel,  
 Back, forward, in the middle,  
 And roast the pig, and toe and heel,  
 All going with the fiddle;  
 But one day told a shot to ram,  
 To chace the foe advancing,  
 A splinter queer'd my larboard gam,  
 And d'ye see spoil'd my dancing.

Well I'm, says I, no churlish elf,  
 We messmates be all brothers,  
 Though I can have no fun myself,  
 I may make fun for others:  
 A fiddle soon I made my own,  
 That girls and tars might caper,  
 Learnt Rule Britannia, Bobbing Joan,  
 And grown a decent scraper;  
 But just as I'd the knack on't got,  
 And did it pretty middling,  
 I lost my elbow by a shot,  
 And dy'e see spoilt my fiddling.

So sometimes as I turn'd my quid,  
 I got a knack of thinking,  
 As I should be an invalid,  
 And then I took to drinking;  
 One day call'd down my gun to man,  
 To tip it with the gravy,  
 I gave three cheers and took the cann,  
 To drink the British navy,  
 Before a single drop I'd sipt,  
 Or got it to my muzzle;  
 A langridge off my daddle whipt,  
 And d'ye see, spoilt the guzzle.

So then I took to taking snuff,  
 'Cause how my sorrows doubled,  
 And pretty pastime 'twas enough,  
 Dy'e see when I was troubled:

But fortune, that mischievous elf,  
 Still at some fun or other;  
 (Not that I minds it for myself,  
 But just for Poll and mother)  
 One day, while laying on a tack,  
 To keep two spanking foes off,  
 A broadside comes, capsize Jack,  
 And d'ye see knocks my nose off.

So in misfortunes school grown tough,  
 In the same sort of knowledge,  
 Thinking, mayhap, I'd not enough,  
 They sent me here to college;  
 And here we tell old tales, and smoke,  
 And laugh while we are drinking;  
 Sailors, you know, will have their joke,  
 Even though the ship was sinking:  
 For I, while I get grog to drink,  
 My wife, or friend, or king in,  
 'Twill be no easy thing, I think,  
 D'ye see to spoil my singing.

10 JUN 52

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